LIGHT FOR THE JOURNEY

FROM RUTHERFORD'S LAMP

BV
4832
S42
1886
GTU
Storage

ROBERT G. SEYMOUR
D.D.

BERKELEY BAPTIST
DIVINITY SCHOOL
LIBRARY

LIGHT FOR THE JOURNEY

FROM

RUTHERFORD'S LAMP.

LIGHT FOR THE JOURNEY

FROM

RUTHERFORD'S LAMP

BY

ROBERT G. SEYMOUR, D.D.

BERKELEY BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL LIBRARY

GRADUATE THEOLOGICAL UNION LIBRARY 1962

PHILADELPHIA.
AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY,
1420 Chestnut Street.

BV
4832
S42
1886

xQ
R93
LOWER
LIBRARY

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1886, by the
AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

BERKELEY BAPTIST
DIVINITY SCHOOL
LIBRARY

PREFATORY NOTE.

Often a simply uttered word, in the name of the Master, has lifted the cloud from the soul, and given the Christian Pilgrim new strength and hope; these words selected from the saintly Rutherford's letters, arranged to help the Pilgrim on his journey, are sent forth in hope of quickening Christian life in those who declare "they seek a better country, that is, an heavenly." One letter is given entire, that the style of his epistles (which came as rays of light from his prison-house) may be seen. R. G. S.

BOSTON, MASS., 1886.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFATORY NOTE	7
LIFE OF RUTHERFORD	9
LETTER TO JOHN CLARK	12
PILGRIM MARKS	15
FAITH	15
SELF-RENUNCIATION	18
PRAYER	20
WATCHFULNESS	21
PATIENCE	22
INWARD LIFE	23
JOY	27
CONFESSION	29
ATTACHMENT TO CHRIST	30
PILGRIM PATHS	31

PAGE.

Pilgrim Guide 37

Pilgrim Company 41

Pilgrim Trials 44

Pilgrim Crosses 60

Pilgrim Exercises 63

Pilgrim Safety 67

Pilgrim Desires 73

Pilgrim Judgment 77

Pilgrim Choice 83

Pilgrim Rest 93

Pilgrim Fare 95

Pilgrim Perseverance 102

Pilgrim Hopes 105

Pilgrim Wages 110

Pilgrim Value 117

Pilgrim End 118

Rutherford's Hymn 125

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD was born about the year 1600, in Nisbet, Roxburghshire, Scotland. He was educated in the school at Jedburgh Abbey, and in Edinburgh College, where in 1621 he received the degree of A. M. He was soon after made a Professor in this college, which position he held but a short time. He studied theology, and after yielding himself up to the Master, became the minister of Anwoth in 1627. It was a rural parish--but he loved the sheep that were scattered over the hills and in the valleys. His ministry was unceasing; he labored night and day. It was said of him, "He is *always* praying, *always* preaching, *always* visiting the sick, *always* catechizing, *always* writing and studying." His mind was full of Christ. His biographer relates that he was known to

talk about him until he fell asleep, and even to speak of him during his sleep. His ministry was in the stormy time when King Charles and Archbishop Laud attempted to coerce the Scottish people into conformity with the ritualism of the English Church—to transform Presbyterianism into Episcopacy. In July 27, 1636, Rutherford was summoned before the High Commission Court, because of non-conformity—was sentenced to be deprived of his ministry, and banished to Aberdeen. From this place came the rich letters, (from which most of the following pages are extracted). Many of them were dated "*Christ's palace* in Aberdeen." He was confined to these limits for nearly two years. The Covenant became victorious in Scotland. Rutherford went back to Anwoth; then entered into the work of reformation, visiting different parts of Scotland. In 1639 he was appointed Professor in St. Andrew's. In July, 1643, he was sent as one of the Commissioners of Scotland to the Westminster Assembly. In the library at the Edinburgh University there is a MS. sketch of the Shorter Catechism in

Rutherford's handwriting. From the Assembly, he went back to St. Andrew's, to preach and to teach. In 1660, he published a work, Lex Rex, which gave offence to the government, and he was summoned to the next Parliament to answer the charge of high treason—but the summons came to him on his death bed. On hearing it he said: "I behove to answer my first summons; and ere your day arrive, I will be where few kings and great folks come!" On the last day of his sickness he said, "this night will close the door, and fasten my anchor within the veil, and I shall go away in a sleep by five o'clock in the morning." At that hour, March 20, 1661, in his home at St. Andrew's, he fell asleep. His last words were, "Glory, glory, dwelleth in Immanuel's land."

TO JOHN CLARK.

LOVING BROTHER:—Hold fast Christ without wavering, and contend for the faith, because Christ is not easily gotten nor kept. The lazy professor has put heaven, as it were, at the very next door, and thinketh to fly up to heaven in his bed, and in a night dream; but, truly that is not so easy a thing as most men believe. Christ himself did sweat ere he won this city, howbeit, he was the free-born Heir. It is Christianity, my heart, to be sincere, unfeigned, honest, and upright-hearted before God; and to live and serve God, suppose there was not one man nor woman in all the world dwelling beside you, to eye you. Any little grace that ye have, see that it be sound and true. Ye may put the difference between you and reprobates, if ye have

these marks:—1. If ye prize Christ and his truth so as ye will sell all and buy him, and suffer for it. 2. If the love of Christ keepeth you back from sinning, more than the law or fear of hell. 3. If ye be humble and deny your own will, wit, credit, ease, honor, the world, and the vanity and glory of it. 4. Your profession must not be barren and void of good works. 5. Ye must in all things aim at God's honor; ye must eat, drink, sleep, buy, sell, sit, stand, speak, pray, read, and hear the word, with a heart-purpose that God may be honored. 6. Ye must show yourself an enemy to sin, and reprove the works of darkness, such as drunkenness, swearing, and lying, albeit the company should hate you for so doing. 7. Keep in mind the truth of God, that ye heard me teach, and have nothing to do with the corruptions and new guises entered into the house of God. 8. Make conscience of your calling, in covenants, in buying and selling. 9. Acquaint yourself with daily praying; commit all your ways and actions to God, by prayer, supplication, and thanksgiving; and count not much

of being mocked; for Christ Jesus was mocked before you.

Persuade yourself that this is the way of peace, which I now suffer for. I dare go to death and eternity with it, though men may possibly seek another way. Remember me in your prayers, and the state of this oppressed Church. Grace be with you.

Your soul's well-wisher,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

LIGHT FOR THE JOURNEY.

PILGRIM MARKS.

FAITH.

But the just shall live by his faith.—Habakkuk ii. 4.

BUT in this trial—all honor to our princely and royal King—faith saileth before the wind, with top-sail up, and carrieth the passenger through. I lay inhibitions upon my thoughts, that they receive no slanders of my only, only Beloved. Let him even say out of his own mouth: "There is no hope"; yet I will die in that sweet beguile (delusion). "It is not so. I shall see the salvation of God." Let me be deceived really, and never win to dry land: it is my joy to believe under the water, and to die with faith in my hand gripping Christ.

Faith is exceedingly charitable, and believeth no evil of God.

It is faith, indeed, to believe without a pledge, and to hold the heart constant at this work. And when we doubt, to run to the Law and to the Testimony, and stay there.

All that I dow [am able to] do is to hold out a lame faith to Christ, like a beggar holding out a stump, instead of an arm or leg, and crying, "Lord Jesus, work a miracle!" Oh, what would I give to have hands and arms to grip strongly, and fold heartsomely, about Christ's neck, and to have my claim made good with real possession!

It is faith's work to claim and challenge loving-kindness out of all the roughest strokes of God. Do that for the Lord which ye will do for time; time will calm your heart at that which God hath done, and let our Lord have it now.

Honest sighing is faith breathing and whispering him in the ear: the life is not out of faith, where there is sighing, looking up with the eyes, and breathing toward God. (Lam. iii. 56): "Hide not thine ear at my breathing."

Borrow joy and comfort from the Comforter. Bid the Spirit do his office in you; and remember that faith is one thing, and the feeling and notice of faith another.

I find it hard work to believe, when the course of Providence goeth cross-wise to our faith, and when misted souls in a dark night cannot know east by west, and our sea-compass seemeth to fail us. Every man is a believer in daylight; a fair day seemeth to be made all of faith and hope. What a trial of gold is it, to smoke it a little above the fire? But to keep gold perfectly yellow-colored amidst the flames, and to be turned from vessel to vessel, and yet to cause our furnace to sound, and to speak, and to cry the praises of the Lord, is another matter.

SELF-RENUNCIATION.

Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any *man* will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.—Matthew xvi. 24.

Let me intreat you in Christ's name, to keep a good conscience in your proceedings in that matter, and beware of yourself. Yourself is a more dangerous enemy than I or any without you. Innocence and an upright cause is a good advocate before God, and will plead for you and shall win your cause; and count much of your Master's approbation and his smiling.

Be patient. Christ went to heaven with many a wrong. His visage and countenance were all marred more than the sons of men. Ye may not be above your Master. Many a black stroke received innocent Jesus, and he received no mends, but referred them all to the great Court-day, when all things shall be righted.

It is not many years since the apostate angels made a question, whether their will or

the will of the Creator should be done; and since that time forward mankind hath always in that same suit of law, compeared [appeared in court] to plead with them against God, in daily repining against his will; but the Lord being both party and judge hath obtained a decreet, [sentence] and saith, (Isa. xlvi. 10): "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure."

Free-will, a weather-cock, turning at a serpent's tongue, a tutor that cowped [upset] our father Adam, unto us; and brought down the house and sold the land; and sent the father, the mother, and all the bairns through the earth to beg their bread. Nature in the Gospel hath but cracked a credit.

Sanctification and mortification of our lusts is the hardest part of Christianity.

I think I would fain let Christ alone, and give him leave to do with me what he pleaseth, if he would smile upon me. Verily we know not what

evil it is to spill [spoil] and indulge ourselves, and to make an idol of our will. I was once that I would not eat except I had waled [carefully selected] meat; now I dare not complain of the crumbs and parings under his table. I was once that I would make the house ado, if I saw not the world carved and set in order to my liking; now I am silent when I see God hath set servants on horseback and is fattening and feeding the children of perdition. I pray God that I may never find my will again. Oh, if Christ would subject my will to his, and trample it under his feet, and liberate me from that lawless lord!

PRAYER.

Men ought always to pray, and not to faint.—Luke xviii. 1.

Say, "I shall rather spill [spoil] twenty prayers than not pray at all. Let my broken words go up to Heaven; when they come up into the Great Angel's golden censer, that Compassionate Advocate will put together my broken prayers,

and perfume them." Words are but accidents of prayers.

The word of God maketh reading (1 Tim. iv. 13), and praying (1 Thess. v. 17,) two different worships. In reading, God speaketh to us (2 Kings xxii. 10, 11); in praying, we speak to God (Psalm xxii. 2, and xxviii. 1).

A promise to hear any prayer, except the pouring out of the soul to God, we can never read.

It were good that we should knock and rap at the Lord's door; we may not live to knock oftener than twice or thrice—he knoweth the knock of his friends.

WATCHFULNESS.

And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch.—Mark xiii. 37.

Look for crosses; and while it is fair weather, mend the sails of the ship.

This is the accepted time, this is the day of salvation. Play the merchant; for ye cannot expect another market-day when this is done.

PATIENCE.

For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise.—Hebrews x. 36.

Run your race with patience; let God have his own, and ask of him instead of your daughter, whom he hath taken from you, the daughter of faith, which is patience; and in patience possess your soul.

Put on love, and brotherly kindness, and long-suffering. Wait as long upon the favor and turned hearts of enemies as your Christ waited upon you, and as dear Jesus stood at your soul's door with dewy and rainy locks, the long cold night. Be angry, but sin not. I persuade myself that that holy unction within you, which teacheth you all things, is also saying, "Overcome evil with good."

Give Christ time to end his work in your heart. Hold on in feeling and bewailing your hardness; for that is softness to feel hardness.

But there is required patience on our part until the summer fruit in heaven be ripe for us. It is in the bud, and there be many things to do before our harvest come: and we take ill with it, and can hardly endure to set our paper-face to one of Christ's storms, and to go to heaven with wet feet, and pain, and sorrow. We love to carry a heaven to heaven with us, and we would have two summers in one year, and no less than two heavens; but this will not do for us:—one, and such a one! may suffice us well enough:—the man, Christ, got but one only, and shall we have two?

INWARD LIFE.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden *part* thou shalt make me to know wisdom.—Psalm li. 6.

The wound of a wounded conscience is a most inexpressible terror; none can describe it but he

that hath tasted the same. It impaireth the health, drieth up the blood, wasteth away the marrow, pineth away the flesh, consumeth away the bones, maketh pleasure painful, and shortenеth life. No wisdom can counsel it, no counsel can advise it, no advice can persuade it, no assuagement can cure it, no eloquence can move it, no power can overcome it, no spectre affray it, no enchanter charm it.

Think well of the visitations of your Lord: for I find one thing, which I saw not well before, that when the saints are under trials and well humbled, little sins raise great cries and war-shouts in the conscience; and in prosperity conscience is a pope to give dispensations, and let out and in, and give latitude and elbow-room to our heart.

Keep a good conscience, as I trust ye do. Ye live not upon men's opinions: gold may be gold, and have the king's stamp upon it, when it is

trampled upon by men. Happy are ye when the world trampleth upon you in your credit and good name, yet ye are the Lord's gold, stamped with the King of heaven's image, and sealed by his Spirit unto the day of redemption. Pray for the spirit of love. (1 Cor. xiii. 7.) Love "beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things."

It is easy to put religion to a market and public fair, but, alas! it is not so soon made eye-sweet for Christ.

The Bible beguiled the Pharisees, and so may I be misled. Therefore as night-watchers hold one another waking by speaking to one another, so have we need to hold one another on foot: sleep stealeth away the light of watching, even the light that reproveth sleeping. I doubt not that more would fetch heaven if they believed not heaven to be at the next door. The world's negative holiness, no adulterer, no murderer, no thief, no cozener, maketh men believe they are

already glorified saints; but the sixth chapter to the Hebrews may affright us all. When we hear that men may take of the gifts and common graces of the Holy Spirit, and a taste of the powers of the world to come, to hell with them. Here is reprobate silver, which yet seemeth to have the King's image and superscription upon it.

False under-water not seen in the ground of an enlightened conscience, is dangerous; so is often failing and sinning against light. Know this, that those who never had sick nights or days in conscience for sin, cannot have but such a peace with God as will undercoat and break the flesh again, and end in a sad war at death. Oh, how fearfully are thousands beguiled with false, hide-grown-over old sins, as if the soul were cured and healed!

If men would have something to do with their hearts and their thoughts, that are always rolling up and down like men with oars in a boat,

after sinful vanities, they might find great and sweet employment to their thoughts upon Christ. If these frothy, fluctuating, and restless hearts of ours would come all about Christ, and look into his love, to bottomless love, to the depth of mercy, to the unsearchable riches of his grace, to enquire after and to search into the beauty of God in Christ, they would be swallowed up in the depth and height, length and breadth, of his goodness. Oh, if men would draw the curtains, and look into the inner side of the ark, and behold how the fulness of the Godhead dwelleth in him bodily!

JOY.

These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and *that* your joy might be full.—John xv. 11.

Faith may dance, because Christ singeth; and we may come into the choir and lift our hoarse and rough voices, and chirp, and sing, and shout for joy with our Lord Jesus. We see oxen going to the shambles leaping and startling; we see

God's fed oxen, prepared for the day of slaughter, go dancing and singing down to the black chambers of hell; and why should we go to heaven weeping, as if we were likely to fall down through the earth with sorrow? If God were dead, (I may speak so with reverence of him who liveth forever and ever), and Christ buried, and rotting among the worms, we might have cause to look like dead folks: but "the Lord liveth, and blessed be the rock of our salvation." Ps. xviii. 46. None have right to joy but we; for joy is sown for us, and an ill summer or harvest will not spill [spoil] the crop.

Oh, what a sweet step were it up to my Father's house, through ten deaths, for the truth and cause of that unknown, and so not half well-loved Plant of Renown, the man called the Branch, the chief among ten thousand, the fairest among the sons of men! Oh, what unseen joys, how many hidden heart-burnings of love are in the remnants of the sufferings of Christ!

CONFESSION.

Ye *are* my witnesses, saith the Lord.—Isaiah xliii. 10.

Oh, that every hair of my head, and every member and every bone in my body, were a man to witness a fair confession for him! I should think all too little for him. When I look over beyond the line, and beyond death, to the laughing side of the world, I triumph and ride upon the high places of Jacob; howbeit, otherwise I am a faint, dead hearted, cowardly man, often borne down, and hungry in waiting for the marriage supper of the Lamb. Nevertheless, I think it the Lord's wise love that feedeth us with hunger, and maketh us fat with wants and desertions.

Ye are many ways blessed of God, who have taken upon you to come out to the streets with Christ on your forehead, when so many are ashamed of him, and hide him, as it were, under their cloak, as if he were a stolen Christ.

ATTACHMENT TO CHRIST.

Whom have I in heaven *but thee?* and *there is* none upon earth *that* I desire beside thee.—Psalm lxxiii. 25.

And among many marks that we are on this journey, and under sail toward heaven, this is one, when the love of God so filleth our hearts that we forget to love and care too much for the having and wanting other things; as one extreme heat burneth out another. By this, madam, ye know that ye have betrothed your soul in marriage to Christ, when ye do make but small reckoning of all other suitors or wooers, and when ye can, (having little in hand but much in hope) live as a young heir during the time of his non-age and minority, being content to be as hardly handled and under as precise a reckoning as servants, because his hope is upon the inheritance.

Grace upon you and your children. Lord, make them corner-stones in Jerusalem, and give them grace in their youth to take band with the fair, chief Corner-stone, who was hewed out

of the mountain without hands, and got many a knock with his Father's fore-hammer, and endured them all, and the stone did neither cleave nor break. Upon that Stone your soul doth well to lie.

It is easy to master an arrow, and to set it right ere the string be drawn; but when once it is shot, and in the air, and the flight begun, then ye have no power at all to command it. It were a blessed thing, if your love could now level only at Christ, if his fair face were the black of the mark ye shot at; for when your love is loosed, and hath taken a gadding journey to seek an unknown and strange lover, ye shall not then have power to call home the arrow, or to be master of your love—and ye will hardly give Christ what ye scarcely have yourself.

PILGRIM PATHS.

For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps.—1 Peter ii. 21.

Madam, I persuade myself that this world is

to you an unco [strange] inn; and that ye are like a traveler, who hath his bundle upon his back, and his staff in his hand, and his feet upon the door-threshold. Go forward, honorable and elect lady, in the strength of your Lord, (let the world bide at home and keep the house), with your face toward him who longeth more for a sight of you than ye can for him.

Ye have gotten a great advantage in the way to heaven that ye have started to the gate in the morning. Like a fool, as I was, I suffered my sun to be high in the heaven, and near afternoon, before ever I took the gate by the end. I pray you now keep the advantage ye have.

Little holiness in our balance is much because it is our holiness; and we love to lay small burdens upon our soft natures, and to make a fair court-way to heaven; and I know it were necessary to take more pains than we do, and not make heaven a city more easily taken than

God hath made it. I persuade myself that many runners will come short and shall get a disappointment. Oh! how easy is it to deceive ourselves, and to sleep and wish that heaven may fall down into our laps.

It is a mercy in this stormy sea to get a second wind, for none of the saints get a first; but they wust take the winds as the Lord of the seas causeth them to blow: and the wind as the Lord and Master of the winds hath ordered it. If contentment were here, heaven were not heaven. . . Ye ought to bless your Lord that it is not worse; we live in a sea where many have suffered shipwreck, and have need that Christ sit at the helm of the ship. It is a mercy to win to heaven, though with much hard toil and heavy labor, and to take it by violence, ill and well as it may be. Better go swimming and wet through our waters than drown by the way; especially now when truth suffereth, and great men bid Christ sit lower and lower and contract himself into less bounds, as if he took too much room.

If ye were not strangers here, the dogs of the world would not bark at you. Ye shall see all the windings and turnings that are in your way to heaven out of God's word: for he will not lead you to the kingdom at the nearest; but you must go through "honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report; as deceivers and yet true; as unknown yet well known; as dying and behold we live; as chastened and not killed; as sorrowful yet always rejoicing."

It must be a way narrower and straighter than we conceive, for the righteous shall scarcely be saved. It were good to take a more judicious view of Christianity; for I have been doubting, if ever I knew any more of Christianity than the letters of the name. I will not lie on my Lord. I often find much joy and unspeakable comfort in his presence who sent me hither; and I trust this house of my pilgrimage shall be my palace, my garden of delights; and that Christ will be kind to poor, sold Joseph, who is separated from his brethren.

I heartily desire that ye would mind your country and consider to what airth [point of compass] your soul setteth its face; for all come not home at night, who suppose that they have set their face heavenward. It is a woful thing to die, and miss heaven, and to lose house-room with Christ at night; it is an evil journey where travelers are benighted in the fields. I persuade myself that thousands shall be deceived and ashamed of their hope; because they cast their anchor in sinking sands, they must lose it.

We run our souls out of breath and tire them in coursing and galloping after our night-dreams (such are the rovings of our miscarrying hearts) to get some created good thing in this life, and on this side of death. We would fain stay and spin out a heaven to ourselves on this side of the water; but sorrow, want, changes, crosses, and sin are both woof and warp in that ill-spun web.

Read over your life, with the light of God's

daylight and sun; for salvation is not casten down at every man's door. It is good to look to your compass, and all ye have need of, ere ye take shipping; for no wind can blow you back again.

Faint not; the miles to heaven are but few and short.

But I hold my peace, because he hath done it. My shallow and ebb thoughts are not the compass which Christ saileth by. I leave his ways to himself, for they are far, far above me.

Only let us not weary—the miles to that land are fewer and shorter than when we first believed. Strangers are not wise to quarrel with their host and complain of their lodging. It is a foul way, but a fair home. Oh, that I had such grapes and clusters out of the land as I have sometimes seen and tasted! . . . but the hope of it in the end is a heartsome convoy in the way.

It is either the way of peace, or we are yet in our sins, and have missed the way.

PILGRIM GUIDE.

He that hath mercy on them shall lead them, even by the springs of water shall he guide them.—Isa. xlix.: 10.

But I entreat you in Christ's name when my soul is under wrestlings, and seeketh direction from our Lord, whither I shall go, give me liberty to advise, and try all airts (points of compass) and paths, to see whether he goeth before me and leadeth me; for if I were assured of God's call to your town, let my arm fall from my shoulder-blade and lose power, and my right eye be dried up, which is the judgment of the idol shepherd (Zech. xi. 17), if I would not swim through the water without a boat ere I sat his bidding.

Your guide is good company, and knoweth all the miles, and the ups and downs in the way;—the nearer the morning the darker.

Out of whatever quarter the wind blow it will blow us on our Lord. No winds can blow our sails overboard; because Christ's skill, and honor of his wisdom, are empowered and laid down at the stake of the sea-passengers, that he shall put them safe off his hand on the shore, in his Father's known bounds, or native home ground.

There be many Christians, most like young sailors, who think the shore and the whole land do move, when the ship and they themselves are moved; just so not a few do imagine that God moveth, and saileth and changeth places, because their giddy souls are under sail, and subject to alteration, to ebbing and flowing—but the foundadation of God standeth sure.

Your old Guide will go before you and take your hand—his love to you will not grow sour or wear out of date as the love of men, which groweth old and grey-headed often before themselves.

The Christ that saveth you is a speaking Christ; the church knoweth him by his voice, and can discern his voice among a thousand. I say this to the end that ye should not love those marks of anti-Christian ceremonies, which the church where ye are for a time hath casten over the Christ whom your soul loveth. This is to set before you a dumb Christ. But when our Lord cometh, he speaketh to the heart, in the simplicity of the gospel.

But who can blame Christ to take me on behind him, if I may say so, on his white horse, or in his chariot, paved with love, through a water? Will not a father take his little dawted Davie [fondled boy] in his arms and carry him over a ditch or a mire? My short legs could not step over this lair, or sinking mire; and therefore my Lord Jesus will bear me through.

If Christ had, in this matter, been as wilful and short as I was, my faith had gone over the

brae, and broken its neck. But we were well met, a hasty fool, and a wise, patient, and meek Saviour. He took no law-advantage of my folly, but waited on till my ill blood was fallen, and my drumbled [muddied] and troubled well began to clear. He was never a whit angry at the fever-ravings of a poor, tempted sinner; but he mercifully forgave, and came, as it well becometh him, with grace and new comfort to a sinner who deserved the contrary.

I see that infinite wisdom is the mother of his judgment, and that his ways are past finding out.

Sinners can do nothing but make wounds that Christ may heal them; and make debts that he may pay them; and make falls that he may raise them; and make deaths that he may quicken them; and spin out and dig hells that he may ransom them. Now I will bless the Lord, that ever there was such a thing as the free grace of God, and a free ransom given for sold souls;

only, alas! guiltiness maketh me ashamed to apply Christ, and to think it pride in me to put out my unclean and withered hand to such a Saviour.

PILGRIM COMPANY.

But ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels,

To the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect,

And to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant.—Hebrews xii. 22-24.

Ye are now your lone; but ye may have, for the seeking, Three always in your company, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.—I trust they are near you. Ye are now deprived of the comfort of a lively ministry; so was Israel in their captivity, yet hear God's promise to them, (Ez. xi. 16): "Therefore say, thus saith the Lord God, 'although I have cast them far off among the heathen, and although I have scattered them

among the countries, yet I will be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come!'"

In my prison he hath shown me daylight; and he dought not [was not able to] hide his love any longer. Christ was disguised and masked, and I apprehended it was not he; and he hath said "It is I, be not afraid!" and now his love is better than wine.

Go where ye will, ye cannot go from under your Shadow, which is broader than many kingdoms. Ye change lodgings and countries; but the same Lord is before you, if ye were carried away captive to the other side of the sun, or as far as the rising of the morning star!

He would captivate and gain the affection of any creature that saw his face. Since he looked on me, and gave me a sight of his fair love, he gained my heart wholly, and got away with it;

well, well may he brook [enjoy] it; he shall keep it long ere I fetch it from him. But I shall tell you what ye should do. Treat him well, give him the chair and the board-head, and make him welcome to the mean portion ye have; a good supper and kind entertainment maketh the guests love the inn the better.

Come in, come in, to Christ, and see what ye want, and find it in him:—he is the short cut, and the nearest way to an outgate of all your burdens. I dare avouch ye shall be dearly welcome to him; my soul would be glad to take part of the joy ye should have in him. I dare say that angels' pens, angels' tongues, nay, as many worlds of angels as there are drops of water in all the seas, and fountains and rivers of the earth, cannot paint him out to you.

There are many heads lying in Christ's bosom, but there is room for yours among the rest; and therefore go on, and let hope go before you.

How can we be enlightened when we turn our back upon the sun? and must we not be withered when we leave the fountain?

Take as many to heaven with you as ye are able to draw; the more ye draw with you, ye shall be the welcomer yourself. Be no niggard or sparing churl of the grace of God.

PILGRIM TRIALS.

Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you.—1 Peter iv. 12.

Oh, what owe I to the file, to the hammer, to the furnace of my Lord Jesus! who hath now let me see how good the wheat of Christ is, that goeth through his mill and his oven, to make bread for his own table. Grace tried is better than grace, and it is more than grace; it is glory in its infancy.

Why should I start at the plough of my Lord, that maketh deep furrows on my soul? I know that he is no idle husbandman; he purposeth a crop. Oh, that this white, withered lea-ground were made fertile to bear a crop for him, by whom it is so painfully dressed; and that this fallow-ground were broken up!

Keep an ear open to Christ, who can speak for himself, howbeit your visitations, and your own sense should dream hard things of his love and favor. Our Lord never getteth so kind a look of us, nor our love in such a degree, nor our faith in such a measure of steadfastness, as he getteth out of the furnace of our tempting fears and sharp trials.

Through many afflictions we must enter into the kingdom of God. Not only by them, but through them, we must go; and wiles will not take us past the cross:—it is folly to think to steal to heaven with a whole skin.

They are blessed who suffer and sin not, for suffering is the badge which Christ has put upon his followers. Take what way we can to heaven, the way is hedged with crosses; there is no way but to break through them.

It is but our soft flesh that hath raised a slander on the cross of Christ; I see now the white side of it; my Lord's chains are all over-gilded.

And, madam, if ye love him, ye will keep his commandments; and this is not one of the least, to lay your neck cheerfully and willingly under the yoke of Jesus Christ; for I trust that your Ladyship did contract and bargain with the Son of God, to follow him upon these terms, that by his grace ye should endure hardships, and suffer affliction as the soldier of Christ. They are not worthy of Jesus who will not take a blow for their Master's sake. As for our glorious Peace-maker, when he came to make up the friendship betwixt God and us, God bruised him, and struck

him; the sinful world also did beat him, and crucify him: yet he took buffets of both the parties: and—honor to the Lord Jesus—he would not leave the field until he had made peace betwixt the parties. I persuade myself that your sufferings are but like your Saviour's (yea, incomparably less and lighter), which are called but a bruising of his heel (Genesis iii. 15), a wound far from the heart.

We expect a trial; God's wheat in this land must go through Satan's sieve, but their faith shall not fail.

Be content to wade through the waters betwixt you and glory with him, holding his right hand fast; for he knoweth all the fords. Howbeit ye may be ducked, yet ye cannot drown, being in his company; and ye may, all the way to glory, see the way bedewed with his blood, who is the Forerunner. Be not afraid, therefore, when ye come even to the black and swelling river of death, to put in your foot and wade after him. The cur-

rent, how strong soever, cannot carry you down the water to hell; the death and resurrection of the Son of God are stepping-stones, and a stay to you. Let down your feet, by faith, upon these stones, and go through as on dry land.

Our sins withhold good things from us.

Whether God come to his children with a rod or a crown, if he come himself with it, it is well. Welcome, welcome, Jesus, what way soever thou comest, if we can get a sight of thee. And sure I am that it is better to be sick, providing Christ come to the bed-side, and draw by the curtains and say, "Courage! I am thy salvation!" than to enjoy health, being lusty and strong, and never be visited of God.

And take you no fear that he will take your part, and then you are strong enough. What? Howbeit ye receive indignities, for your Lord's sake, let it be so. When he will put his holy hand up to your face in heaven, and dry your

face, and wipe the tears from your eyes, judge ye if ye will not have cause then to rejoice?

Ye will find in Christianity that God aimeth in all his dealings with his children to bring them to a high contempt of, and deadly feud with the world; and to set a high price upon Christ, and to think him one who cannot be bought for gold, and well worth the fighting for. . . . When he is striking you in love, beware to strike again; that is dangerous, for those who strike again shall get the last blow.

Be exceedingly charitable of your dear Lord. As there be some friends worldly of whom ye will not entertain an ill thought, far more ought ye to believe good evermore of your dear Friend, that lovely, fair Person, Jesus Christ. The thorn is one of the most cursed, and angry, and crabbed weeds that the earth yieldeth, and yet out of it springeth the rose, one of the most sweetly smelled flowers, and most delightful to the eye, that the earth hath. Your Lord will

make joy and gladness out of your afflictions, for all his roses have a fragrant smell.

I know that an afflicted life looketh very like the way that leadeth to the kingdom; for the apostle hath drawn the line, and the King's market-way is through much tribulation, to the kingdom.

It is better to weep with Jerusalem in the forenoon than to weep with Babel after noon, in the end of the day. Our day of laughter and rejoicing is coming; yet a little while and ye shall see the salvation of God.

Love thinketh no evil; if ye were not Christ's wheat, appointed to be bread in his house, he would not grind you. But keep the middle line, neither despise nor faint (Heb. xii. 6). You see that your Father is homely with you. Strokes of a father evidence kindness and care—take them so.

If ye would lay the price ye give out (which

is but some few years, pain and trouble) beside the commodities ye are to receive, ye would see that they were not worthy to be laid in the balance together; but it is nature that maketh you look to what ye give out, and weakness of faith that hindereth you to see what ye shall take in. Amend your hope, and trust [credit] your faithful Lord awhile. He maketh himself your debtor in the New Covenant; he is honest—take his word (Nahum i. 9): "Affliction shall not rise up the second time." (Rev. xxi. 7.)—"He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

And I dare say that God's hammering of you from your youth is only to make you a fair-carved stone in the high upper temple of the New Jerusalem.

And howbeit I may possibly prove a faint-hearted, unwise man in that, yet I dare to say that I intend otherwise; and I desire not to go on the lee-side, or sunny-side of religion, to put truth betwixt me and a storm—my Saviour did

not so for me, who in his suffering took the windy side of the hill.

This is your glory that Christ hath put you into the roll with himself, and the rest of the witnesses, who are come out of great tribulation, and have washed their garments, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Let us be putting on God's armor and be strong in the Lord. If the devil and Zion's enemies strike a hole in that armor, let our Lord see to that; let us put it on and stand. We have Jesus on our side, and they are not worthy of such a Captain, who would not take a blow at his back. We are in sight of his colors; his banner over us is love. Look up to that white banner and stand; I persuade you in the Lord of victory.

Rebuke your soul as the Lord's prophet doth (Psalm xlii.): "Why art thou cast down, O my soul! why art thou disquieted within me?" That was the word of a man who was at the

very overgoing of the brae and mountain, but God held a grip of him. Swim through your temptations and troubles, to be at that lovely, amiable Person, Jesus, to whom your soul is dear. In your temptations run to the promises; they be our Lord's branches hanging over the water, that our Lord's silly, half-drowned children may take a grip of them. If you let that grip go, you will go to the ground.

I see that grace groweth best in winter. This poor, persecuted Kirk, this lily among thorns, shall bloom and laugh upon the Gardener; the Husbandman's blessing shall light upon it.

When we shall come home, and enter to the possession of our Brother's fair kingdom, and when our heads shall find the weight of the eternal crown of glory, and when we shall look back to pains and sufferings, then shall we see life and sorrow to be less than one step or stride from a prison to glory; and that our little inch of time-suffering is not worthy of our first night's welcome-home to heaven.

Yet I say not this as if our Lord always measured afflictions by so many ounce weights, answerable to the grain weights of our guiltiness; I know that he doth in many (and possibly in you) seek nothing so much as faith that can endure summer and winter in extremity. Oh, how precious to the Lord are faith and love, that when threshed, beaten, and chased away, and boasted [threatened], as it were, by God himself, doth yet look warm-like, love-like, kind-like, and life-like, home-over to Christ and would be in at him, ill and well as it may be.

Sin not in your trials, and the victory is yours.

Be honest, brother, in your bargaining with him; for who knoweth better how to bring up children than our God? For (to lay aside his knowledge, of the which there is no finding out) he hath been practiced in bringing up his heirs these five thousand years, and his bairns are all well brought up, and many of them are honest

men now at home, up in their own house in heaven, and are entered heirs to their Father's inheritance. Now, the form of his bringing-up was by chastisements, scourging, correcting, nurturing; and see if he maketh exception of any of his bairns. No; his eldest Son and his Heir, Jesus, is not excepted (Heb. ii. 10). Suffer we must; ere we were born, God decreed it, and it is easier to complain of his decree than to change it.

Cold is northern love, but Christ and I will bear it.

Till ye be in heaven, it will be but foul weather—one shower up, and another down. The lintel stone and pillars of the New Jerusalem suffer more knocks of God's hammer and tool than the common side-wall stones; and if twenty crosses be written for you in God's book, they will come to nineteen, and that at last to one, and after that to nothing.

Faith has cause to take courage from our very afflictions; the devil is but a whetstone to sharpen the faith and patience of the saints. I know that he but heweth and polisheth stones all this time for the New Jerusalem.

Put Christ's love to the trial, and put upon it our burdens, and then it will appear love indeed; we employ not his love, and, therefore, we know it not.

I never knew, by nine years' preaching, so much of Christ's love as he has taught me in Aberdeen, by six months' imprisonment.

I know that this shower of his free grace behooved to be on me, otherwise I should have withered. I know, also, that I have need of a buffeting tempter that grace may be put to exercise, and I kept low.

And ye do well not to doubt if the ground-

stone be sure, but to try if it be so; for there is great odds between doubting if we have grace, and trying if we have grace:—the former may be sin, but the latter is good. We are but loose in trying our freeholding of Christ, and making sure work of Christ. Holy fear is a searching of the camp, that there be no enemy within our bosom to betray us, and a seeing that all be fast and sure; for I see many leaky vessels, fair before the wind, and professors who take their conversion upon trust, and they go on securely, and see not the under-water, till a storm sink them.

Their sin is that they love their inability to come to Christ, and he who loveth his chains, deserveth chains.

It is common for men to make doubts, when they have a mind to desert the truth.

If the idol reign, and have the whole of the heart, and the keys of the house, and Christ only

made an underling to run errands, all is not right; therefore examine well.

"For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God;" *ergo*, shipwreck, losses, etc., work together for the good of them that love God. Hence I infer that losses, disappointments, ill-tongues, loss of friends, houses, or country, are God's workmen, set on work to work out good to you, out of everything that befalleth you. Let not the Lord's dealings seem harsh, rough, or unfatherly, because it is unpleasant. When the Lord's blessed will bloweth across your desires, it is best in humility to strike sail to him, and to be willing to be led any way our Lord pleaseth.

As for weakness, we have it, that we may employ Christ's strength, because of our weakness. Weakness is to make us the strongest things; that is, when having no strength of our own, we are carried upon Christ's shoulders, and

walk, as it were, upon his legs; if our sinful weakness swell up to the clouds, Christ's strength will swell up to the sun, and far above the heaven of heavens.

We see his working and we sorrow. The end of his counsel and working lieth hidden, and underneath the ground, and therefore we cannot believe. Even amongst men, we see hewn stones, timber, and a hundred scattered parcels and pieces of an house; all under-tools, hammers, axes, and saws; yet the house, the beauty and ease of so many lodgings and ease-rooms, we neither see nor understand for the present; these are but in the mind and head of the builder as yet. We see red earth, unbroken clods, furrows, and stones; but we see not summer lilies, roses, and the beauty of a garden. If ye give the Lord time to work (as often he that believeth not maketh haste, but not speed), his end is under ground.

Faith is the better of the free air, and of the

sharp winter storm in its face. Grace withereth without adversity. The devil is but God's master-fencer, to teach us to handle our weapons.

I rejoice that he has come and has chosen you in the furnace; it was even there where he and ye set tryst. That is an old gate [custom] of Christ's; he keepeth the good old fashion with you that was in Hosea's days (Hosea ii. 14). "Therefore behold, I will allure her, and bring her to the wilderness, and speak to her heart." There was no talking to her heart, while he and she were in the fair flourishing city, and at ease; but out in the cold, hungry, waste wilderness, he allureth her; he whispered news into her ear there, and said, "Thou art mine." What would ye think of such a bode [offer]?

PILGRIM CROSSES.

And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.—Matthew x. 38.

Blessed are they who are content to take strokes with weeping Christ; faith will trust the

Lord and is not hasty or headstrong: neither is faith so timorous as to flatter a temptation, or to bud and bribe the cross. It is little up or little down that the Lamb and his followers can get no law-surety, nor truce with crosses; it must be so, till we are up in our Father's house.

Christ hath borne the whole complete cross, and his saints bear but bits and chips: as the apostle saith, "the remnants" or "leavings" of the cross (Col. i. 24).

Joy, much joy may ye have of him; but take his cross with him cheerfully. Christ and his cross are not separable in this life, howbeit Christ and his cross part at heaven's door, for there is no house-room for crosses in heaven. One tear, one sigh, one sad heart, one fear, one loss, one thought of trouble cannot find lodging there: they are but the marks of the Lord Jesus down in this wide inn, and stormy country on this side of death.

I do persuade myself that ye know that the weightiest end of the cross of Christ, which is laid upon you, lieth upon your strong Saviour: for, Isaiah saith (lxiii. 9.) "In all your afflictions he is afflicted." O, blessed Second, who suffereth with you! and glad may your soul be, even to walk in the fiery furnace, with one like unto the Son of man, who is also the Son of God. Courage! up your heart! When you do tire, he will bear both you and your burden! (Ps. lv. 22.) Yet a little while, and ye shall see the salvation of God.

Some have written me that I am possibly too joyful of the cross, but my joy overleapeth the cross—it is bounded and terminated on Christ.

And believe me, brother, I give it to you under my own hand-writ, that, whoso looketh to the white side of Christ's cross, and can take it up handsomely with faith and courage, will find it such a burden as sails are to a ship or wings to a bird. I find that my Lord hath overgilded the

black tree, and hath perfumed and oiled it, with joy and consolation.

Christ's cross is neither a cruel nor unkind mercy, but the love-token of a father. I am sure that a lover chasing us for our well, and to have our love, should not be run away from, nor fled from. God send me no worse mercy than the sanctified cross of Christ portendeth, and I am sure that I should be happy and blessed.

PILGRIM EXERCISES.

And exercise thyself *rather* unto godliness.—1 Timothy iv. 7.

Remember that ye are in the body, and it is the lodging-house, and ye may not, without offending the Lord, suffer the old walls of that house to fall down, through want of necessary food. Your body is the dwelling-house of the spirit; and, therefore, for the love ye carry to the Sweet Guest, give a due regard to his house of clay. When he looseth the wall, why not? wel-

come, Lord Jesus! but it is a fearful sin in us, by hurting the body by fasting, to loose one stone, or the least timber in it; for the house is not our own, the Bridegroom is with you yet; so fast, as that, also, ye may feast and rejoice in him.

Ye have reason to take in good part a lean dinner and spare diet in this life, seeing your large supper of the Lamb's preparing will recompense all.

Ye hold, that Christ must either have hearty service, or no service at all. If ye mean that he will not half a heart, or have feigned service, such as the hypocrites give him, I grant you that,—Christ must have honesty or nothing,—but if ye mean he will have no service at all, where the heart draweth back in any measure, I would not that were true, for my part of heaven, and all that I am worth in the world. If ye mind to walk to heaven, without a cramp or a crook, I fear that ye must go your lone. He knoweth our dross

and defects; and sweet Jesus pitieth us, when weakness and deadness in our obedience is our cross, and not our darling.

All the creatures, all the swords, all the hosts in Britain, and in this poor globe of the habitable world, are but under him single cyphers making no number of the product, being nothing but painted men, and painted swords in a brod, [board] without influence from him. And oh, what of God is in Gideon's sword, when it is the sword of the Lord!

Ye cannot be too often awakened to go forward toward your city, since your way is long, and, (for anything ye know) your day is short; and your Lord requireth of you, as ye advance in years and steal forward insensibly towards eternity, that your faith may grow and ripen for the Lord's harvest. For the great Husbandman giveth a season to his fruits, that they may come to maturity; and having got their fill of the tree

that they may be then shaken, and gathered in for his use.

I have now made a new question whether Christ is more to be loved for giving sanctification, or for free justification? I hold that he is more and most to be loved for sanctification. It is in some respect greater love in him to sanctify than to justify; for he maketh us most like himself, in his own essential portraiture and image in sanctifying us. Justification doth but make us happy, which is to be like angels only; neither is it such a misery to lie a condemned man, and under unforgiven guiltiness, as to serve sin, and work the works of the devil; and, therefore, I think sanctification cannot be bought, it is above price. God be thanked forever, that Christ was a told-down price for sanctification.

I beseech you, in the Lord Jesus, to make every day more and more of Christ; and try your growth in the grace of God, and what new ground ye win daily on corruption; for travellers are

day by day either advancing farther on, and nearer home, or else they go not right about to compass their journey.

PILGRIM SAFETY.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth *shall be thy* shield and buckler.—Psalms xci. 4.

Your life is hid with Christ, in God (Col. iii. 3), and therefore, ye cannot be robbed of it. Our Lord handleth us as fathers do their young children. They lay up jewels in a place above the reach of the short arms of bairns, else bairns would put up their hands and take them down, and lose them soon. So hath our Lord done with our spiritual life. Jesus Christ is the high coffer, in the which our Lord hath hid our life; we, children, are not able to reach up our arm so high as to take down that life and lose it; it is in our Christ's hands.

Since all the weight of heaven and earth, of

redeemed saints and confirmed angels is upon his shoulder, I am a fool, and brutish to imagine that I can add anything to Christ's special care of, and tenderness to his people. He who keepeth the basins and knives of his house, and bringeth the vessels again to the Second Temple (Ezra i. 8, 9, 10), must have more tender care of redeemed ones than of a spoon, or of Peter's old shoes, which yet must not be lost in his captivity. (Acts xii. 8).

We are not come, as yet, to the mouth of the Red Sea; and howbeit we were, yet for his honor's sake he must dry it up. It is our part to die gripping and holding fast his faithful promise. If the Beast should get leave to ride through the land, and to seal such as are his, he will not get one lamb with him; for these are secured and sealed as the servants of God.

God's seed will come to God's harvest. . . . . I persuade myself that the Son of God's wheat shall not be blown away.

Believe his love more than your own feeling, for this world can take nothing from you that is truly yours, and death can do you no wrong. Your rock doth not ebb and flow, but your sea. That which Christ hath said he will bide by.

Now if we would ever so fain escape out of Christ's hands, yet love hath so bound us that we cannot get our hands free again; he hath so ravished our hearts that there is no losing of his grips; the chains of his soul-ravishing love are so strong, that the grave nor death will break them.

I am sorry for our desolate kirk; yet I dare not but trust, that so long as there be any of God's lost money here, he will not blow out the candle. The Lord make fair candlesticks in his house and remove the blind lights!

The Church hath been, since the world began, ever hanging by a small thread, and all the hands of hell and of the wicked have been

drawing at the thread; but, God be thanked, they only break their arms by pulling; but the thread is not broken, for the sweet fingers of Christ our Lord have spun and twisted it. Lord, hold the thread whole.

It is time now that the lambs of Jesus should all run together, when the wolf is barking at them.

God grant that in my temptations I come not on his wrong side again, and never again fall a raving against my Physican in my fever.

But, I pray you, comfort yourself in the Lord; for a just cause bideth under water only as long as wicked men hold their hand above it; their arm will weary, and then the just cause shall swim above.

But truly, I find that we have the advantage of the brae upon our enemies: we are more than

conquerors, through him who loved us; and they know not wherein our strength lyeth.

We creep under our Lord's wings in the great shower, and the water cannot come through those wings.

Oh, how sweet were one line or half a letter of a written assurance under Christ's own hand! But this is our assurance daily, that guiltiness shall overmist and darken assurance.

His book keepeth your name, and is not printed, and re-printed, and changed, and corrected.

It is good that there is a heaven, and it is not a night dream and a fancy: it is a wonder that men deny not that there is a heaven, as they deny there is any way to it but of men's making. You have learned of Christ that there is a heaven; contend for it and for Christ.

Providence hath a thousand keys, to open a thousand sundry doors for the deliverance of his own, when it is ever come to a *conclamatum est* [all is over]. Let us be faithful, and care for our own part, which is to do and suffer for him, and lay Christ's part on himself and leave it there.

I see that providence runneth not on broken wheels; but I, like a fool, carved a providence for mine own ease, to die in my nest, and to sleep still till my gray hairs, and to lie on the sunny side of the mountain, in my ministry at Anworth; but now I have nothing to say against a borrowed fireside, and another man's house, nor Kedar's tents, where I live, being removed far from my acquaintance, my lovers, and my friends. I see that God hath the world on his wheels, and casteth it as a potter doth a vessel on the wheel. I dare not say that there is any inordinate or irregular motion in providence. The Lord hath done it.

Oh, what wisdom it is to believe and not to dispute; and not to repine at any act of his justice. He hath done it, all flesh be silent! It is impossible to be religiously submissive and patient if ye stay your thoughts down among the confused rollings and wheels of second causes: as "Oh, the place!" "Oh, the time!" "Oh, if this had been, this had not followed!" Look up to the master-motion and the first wheel!

Thank your God who saith (Rev. i. 18,) "I have the keys of hell and of death;" (Deut. xxxii. 39,) "I kill and I make alive;" (1 Sam. ii. 6,) "The Lord bringeth down to the grave and bringeth up!" If Satan were jailer, and had the keys of death and of the grave, they should be stored with more prisoners. Ye were knocking at these black gates and found the doors shut; and we do all welcome you back again. The Lord knew that ye had forgotten something that was necessary for your journey; that your armor was not as yet thick enough against the stroke of death. Now, in the strength of Jesus,

dispatch your business; that debt is not forgiven but fristed [credited]; death hath not bidden you farewell, but has only left you for a short season. End your journey ere the night come upon you, have all in readiness against the time that ye must sail through that black and impetuous Jordan; and Jesus, Jesus who knoweth both those depths and the rocks, and all the coasts, be your pilot. The last tide will not wait for you one moment; if ye forget anything when your sea is full and your foot in that ship, there is no returning to fetch it. What ye do amiss in your life to-day ye may amend it to-morrow; for as many suns as God maketh to arise upon you ye have as many new lives; but ye can die but once, and if ye mar or spill [spoil] that business ye cannot come back to mend that piece of work again. No man sinneth twice in dying ill. Ye see how the number of your months is written in God's book; and as one of the Lord's hirelings ye must work till the shadow of the evening come upon you, and ye shall run your glass even to the last pickle [grain] of sand.

PILGRIM DESIRES.

And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country.—Heb. xi. 13, 14.

Oh, for a long play-day with Christ, and our long-lasting vacance [vacation] of rest! Glad may their souls be that are safe over the firth, Christ having paid the fraught [freight.] Happy are they who have passed their hard and wearisome time of apprenticeship, and are now freemen and citizens in that joyful, high city, the New Jerusalem. Alas! that we should be glad of and rejoice in our fetters, and our prison-house, and this dear inn, a life of sin, where we are absent from our Lord and so far from our home.

I would give him my bond, under my faith and hand, to frist [postpone] heaven a hundred years longer, so being, he would lay his holy face to my sometimes wet cheeks. Oh, who would not pity me, to know him fain I would

have the King shaking the tree of life upon me, or letting me into the well of life with my old dish, that I might be drunken with the fountain, here, in the house of my pilgrimage! I cannot, nay, I would not, be quit of Christ's love.

Lord, give the thirsty man a drink. Oh, to be over the ears in the well! Oh, to be swattering and swimming over head and ears in Christ's love! I would not have Christ's love entering into me, but I would enter into it, and be swallowed up of that love. But I see not myself here; for I fear I make more of his love than of himself; whereas himself is far beyond and much better than his love.

And be content, and withal greedily covetous of grace, the interest and pledge of glory.

Oh, how sweet to be wholly Christ's and wholly in Christ! to be out of the creature's owning and made complete in Christ; to live by faith in Christ,

and to be, once for all, clothed with the created majesty and glory of the Son of God, wherein he maketh all his friends and followers sharers; to dwell in Immanuel's high and blessed land, and live in that sweetest air where no wind bloweth but the breathings of the Holy Ghost; no seas nor floods flow, but the pure waters of life, that proceedeth from under the throne and from the Lamb; no planting, but the tree of Life, that yieldeth twelve manner of fruits every month! What do we here but sin and suffer? Oh, when shall the night be gone, the shadows flee away, and the morning of that long, long day, without cloud or night, dawn! The Spirit and the bride say "Come." Oh, when shall the Lamb's wife be ready and say "Come"?

PILGRIM JUDGMENT.

And they that use this world, as not abusing *it*; for the fashion of this world passeth away.—1 Corinthians vii. 31.

(1 Corinthians vii. 31): "The countenance or fashion of this world passeth away." In which

place our Lord compareth it to an image in a looking-glass, for it is the looking-glass of Adam's sons. Some come to the glass and see in it the picture of honor, and but a picture indeed, for true honor is to be great in the sight of God; and others see in it riches, and but a shadow indeed, for durable riches stand, as one of the maids of Wisdom, upon her left hand (Proverbs iii. 16); and a third sort see in it the face of painted pleasures, and the beholders will not believe but the image which they see in this glass is the living man, till the Lord come and break in pieces and remove the face; and then, like Pharaoh awakened, they say: "And behold, it was a dream."

Be like the fresh river which keepeth its own sweet taste in the salt sea. This world is not worthy of your souls, give it not a good-day, when Christ cometh into competition with it. Be like one of another country. Home! and stay not; for the sun is fallen low, and nigh the tops of the mountains, and the shadows are stretched

out in great length. Linger not by the way. The world and sin would train you on, and make you turn aside; leave not the way for them—and the Lord Jesus be at the voyage.

Satan layeth upon men a burden of cares above a load, and maketh a pack-horse of men's souls, when they are wholly set upon this world. We owe the devil no such service. It were wisdom to throw off that load into a mire, and cast all our cares over upon God.

Be greedy of grace. Study above everything to mortify your lusts. Oh, but pride of youth, vanity, lust, idolizing of the world, and charming pleasures, take long time to root them out! As far as ye are advanced in the way to heaven, as near as ye are to Christ, as much progress as ye have made in the way of mortification, ye will find that ye are far behind, and have most of the work before you. When the day of visitation cometh, and your old idols come weeping about

you, you will have much ado not to break your heart: it is the best to give up in time with them, so ye could at a call quit your part of this world for a drink of water, or a thing of nothing. Verily, I have seen the best of this world, a moth-eaten, threadbare coat; I purpose to lay it aside, being now old and full of holes. Oh, for my Father's house above, not made with hands.

Consider that your idol sins and ye cannot go to heaven together; and that they who will not part with these cannot indeed love Christ at the bottom, but only in word and show, which will not do the business.

Bits of lordships are little to him who hath many crowns on his head, and the kingdoms of the world in the hollow of his hand. Court, honor, glory, riches, stability of houses, favor of princes, are all on his finger ends.

We seek to thaw our frozen hearts at the cold

smoke of the short-timed creature, and our souls gather neither heat nor light; for these cannot give to us what they have not in themselves.

Let all the world be nothing, (for nothing was their seed and mother) and let God be all things.

As for friends, I will not think the world to be the world if that well go not dry. I trust in God to use the world as a canny, or cunning master doth a knave-servant, (at least, God give me grace to do so;) he giveth him no handling nor credit, only he entrusteth him with common errands, wherein he cannot play the knave. I pray God that I may not give the world the credit of my joys, and comforts, and confidence—that were to put Christ out of his office.

Join as ye do with Christ; he is more worth to you and your posterity than this world's may-flowers, and withering riches and honor, that

shall go away as smoke, and vanish in a night vision, and shall, in one half-hour after the blast of the Archangel's trumpet, lie in white ashes. Draw by the lap of time's curtain, and look in through the window, to great and endless eternity, and consider if a worldly price (suppose this little round clay globe of this ashy and dirty earth, the dying idol of the fools of this world, were all your own), can be given for one smile of Christ's God-like and soul-ravishing countenance, in that day when so many joints and knees of thousand thousands wailing shall stand before Christ, trembling, shouting, and making their prayers to hills and mountains, to fall upon them, and hide them from the face of the Lamb. Oh, how many would sell lordships and kingdoms that day and buy Christ! But, oh, the market shall be closed and ended ere then!

Nay, I think that this world, at its prime and perfection, when it is come to the top of its excellency, and to the bloom, might be bought with an half-penny; and that it would scarce weigh the

worth of a drink of water. There is nothing better than to esteem it our crucified idol, that is dead and slain, as Paul did, (Galatians vi. 14). Then let pleasures be crucified, and riches be crucified, and court and honor be crucified.

This world looketh not like heaven, and the happiness that our tried souls would be at; and, therefore, it were good to seek about for the wind, and hoist up our sails toward our New Jerusalem, for that is our best.

PILGRIM CHOICE.

Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life.—John vi. 68.

Then after this day convene all lovers before your soul, and give them their leave; and strike hands with Christ that thereafter there may be no happiness to you but Christ; no hunting for anything but Christ; no bed at night when death cometh, but Christ—Christ, Christ, who but Christ!

I know this much of Christ, that he is not ill to be found, nor lordly of his love. Woe had been my part of it forevermore, if Christ had made a dainty of himself to me. But God be thanked, I gave nothing for Christ; and now I protest before men and angels, that Christ cannot be exchanged, that Christ cannot be sold, that Christ cannot be weighed. Where would angels, or all the world find a balance to weigh him in? All lovers blush when ye stand beside Christ! Woe upon all love but the love of Christ; hunger, hunger forevermore be upon all heaven but Christ; shame, shame forevermore be upon all glory but Christ's glory! I cry death, death upon all lives, but the life of Christ. Oh, what is it that holdeth us asunder! oh, that once we could have a fair meeting!

And, go withersoever ye will, if your Lord go with you, ye are at home; and your lodging is ever taken before night, so long as he, who is Israel's dwelling-house is your home (Psalm xc. 1).

Nay, he is unchangeable, and the same this year that he was the former year. And his Son Jesus, who upon earth ate and drank with publicans and sinners, . . . and put out his holy hand and touched the leper's filthy skin, and came evermore nigh sinners, even now in glory, is yet that same Lord: his honor and his great court in heaven have not made him forget his poor friends on earth; in him honors change not manners, and he doth yet desire your company.

Our love to him should begin on earth, as it shall be in heaven. For, as the bride taketh not by a thousand degrees so much delight in her wedding-garment as she doth in her bridegroom, so we in the life to come, howbeit, clothed with glory as with a robe, shall not be so much affected with the glory that goeth about us as with the Bridegroom's joyful face and presence.

And my own mind is, that if comparison were made betwixt Christ and heaven, I would sell

heaven, with my blessing, to buy Christ. Oh, if I could raise the market for Christ, and heighten the market a pound for a penny, and cry up Christ in men's estimation ten thousand talents more than men think of him! But they are shaping him, and crying him down their unworthy half-penny; or else exchanging and bartering Christ with the miserable old fallen house of this vain world.

What iron gates or bars are able to stand it out against Christ? for when he bloweth they open to him.

Go where ye will, your soul shall not sleep sound but in Christ's bosom. Come in to him, and rest you on the slain Son of God, and inquire for him. He hath made me a king over the world. Princes cannot overcome him.

I think the angels may blush to look upon him; and what am I, to defile such infinite

brightness with my sinful eyes! Oh, that Christ would come near, and stand still and give me leave to look upon him! for to look seemeth the poor man's privilege, since he may for nothing and without hire behold the sun. I should have a king's life, if I had no other thing to do than forevermore to behold and eye my fair Lord Jesus; nay, suppose I were holden out, at heaven's fair entry, I should be happy for evermore to look through a hole in the door, and see my dearest and fairest Lord's face. Oh, great King, why standest thou aloof?

Make him welcome, since he is come. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," all the world's wit cannot perfectly render a reason why the wind should be a month in the east, six weeks, possibly, in the west, and the space only of an afternoon in the south or north. You will not find out all the nicks and steps of Christ's way with a soul, do what you can.

I know that as night and shadows are good for

flowers, and moonlight and dews are better than a continual sun, so is Christ's absence of special use, and that it hath some nourishing virtue in it, and giveth sap to humility, and putteth an edge on hunger, and furnisheth a fair field to faith to put forth itself, and to exercise its fingers in gripping it seeth not what.

Put the beauty of ten thousand thousand worlds of paradises, like the Garden of Eden, in one; put all trees, all flowers, all smells, all colors, all tastes, all joys, all sweetness, all loveliness in one; oh, what a fair and excellent thing this would be; and yet it would be less to that dear and fairest well-beloved Christ, than one drop of rain to the whole seas, rivers, lakes, and fountains of ten thousand earths. Oh, but Christ is heaven's wonder and earth's wonder! What marvel that his Bride saith, "He is altogether lovely"!

Oh, so long a chapter, or rather, so long a volume as Christ is, in that divinity of glory!

There is no more of him let down now, to be seen and enjoyed by his children, than as much as may feed hunger in this life, but not satisfy it.

I fear that I adore his comforts more than himself, and that I love the apples of life better than the Tree of Life.

I had rather that a cloud went over my comforts by these messages than that my faith should be hurt; for if my Lord get no wrong by me, verily, I desire grace, not to care what become of me.

But I wish he would give me grace to learn to go on my own feet, and learn to do without his comforts, and to give thanks and believe, when the sun is not in my firmament, and when my Well-beloved is from home, and gone on another errand.

I but lie here living upon his love; but cannot get so much of it as I fain would have; not be-

cause Christ's love is lordly, and looketh too high, but because I have a narrow vessel to receive his love, and I look too low.

There is more to be had of Christ in this life than I had believed! We think all is but a little earnest, a four-hours' [afternoon refreshment] a small tasting, which we have, or that is to be had of Christ in this life (which is true compared with the inheritance): but yet I know it is more, it is the kingdom of God within us.

God hath made many fair flowers, but the sweetest of them all is heaven, and the flower of all flowers is Christ. Oh, why do we not flee up to that lovely one? Alas, that there is such a scarcity of love, and lovers of Christ among us!

Oh, that our eyes and our soul's smelling should go out after a blasted, and sun-burnt flower, even this plastered fair-outsided world; and then we have neither eye nor smell for the

Flower of Jesse, for that Plant of Renown, for Christ, the choicest, fairest, the sweetest rose that ever God planted!

And what an excellent smell doth Christ cast on his lower garden, where there grow but wild flowers, if we speak by way of comparison; but there is nothing but perfect garden flowers in heaven, and the best plenishing that is there is Christ. We are all obliged to love heaven for Christ's sake. He is a Rose that beautifieth all the upper garden of God—a leaf of that rose of God for smell is worth a world.

Let your soul put away your old loves, and let Christ have your whole love.

I see Christ's love is so kingly that it will not abide a marrow [a companion]; it must have a throne all alone in the soul. And I see that apples beguile bairns, howbeit they may be worm-eaten; the moth-eaten pleasures of this world

make bairns believe ten is a hundred; and yet all are shadows.

And for myself, I am pained at the heart, that I cannot find myself disposed to leave myself, and go wholly into Christ. Alas, that there should be one bit of me out of him, and that we leave too much liberty and latitude for ourselves, and our own ease, and credit, and pleasures, and so little room for all-love-worthy Christ.

The Bridegroom himself is better than all the ornaments that are about him.

PILGRIM REST.

For we which have believed do enter into rest.—Hebrew iv. 3.

I know that in spiritual confidence the Devil will come in, as in all other good works, and cry, "Half mine!" and so endeavor to bring you under a fearful sleep, till he, whom your soul loveth, be departed from the door and have left off knock-

ing; and, therefore, here the Spirit of God must hold your soul's feet in the golden mid-line, betwixt confident resting in the arms of Christ and presumptuous and drowsy sleeping in the bed of fleshly security.

Oh, if we could take pains for the kingdom of heaven! but we sit down upon some ordinary marks of God's children, thinking we have as much as will separate us from a reprobate, and thereupon we take the play and cry "Holiday," and thus the Devil casteth water on our fire and blunteth our zeal and care.

The Lord send us to the shore out of all the storms, with our silly souls whole and sound with us; for if liberty of conscience come, as is rumored, the best of us all will be put to our wits to seek how to be freed. But we shall be of those who have their chamber to go in unto spoken of (Isaiah xxvi. 20). Read the place yourself, and keep you within your house till the storm be past.

Your faith may be boldly charitable of Christ, that however matters go, the worst shall be a tired traveler, and a joyful and a sweet welcome home. The back of your winter-night is broken. Look to the east, the day-sky is breaking; think not that Christ loseth time or lingereth unsuitably. Oh, fair, fair and sweet morning! We are but as sea-passengers; if we look right we are upon our country coast.

I believe that the Lord tackleth his ship often to fetch the wind, and that he purposeth to bring mercy out of your sufferings and silence, which (I know from mine own experience) is grievous to you. Seeing that he knoweth our willing mind to serve him, our wages and stipend is running to the fore, with our God, even as some sick soldiers get pay when they are bedfast, and not able to go to the field with others. "Though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the Lord, and my God shall be my strength." (Isaiah xlix. 5).

Christ seemed to cast me over the dyke of the vineyard as a dry tree, and separated me from the Lord's inheritance; but high, high and loud praises be to our royal crowned King in Zion, that hath not burnt the dry branch. I shall yet live, and see his glory.

PILGRIM FARE.

He should have fed them also with the finest of the wheat: and with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee.—Psalm lxxxi. 16.

The silly [poor] stranger in an unco [strange] country, must take with smoky inn, and coarse cheer, and a hard bed, and a barking, ill-tongued host. It is not long to-day, and he will be to his journey to-morrow, and leave them all. Indeed, our fair morning is at hand, the day-star is near the rising, and we are not many miles from home; what matter of ill entertainment in the smoky inn of this miserable life? We are not to stay here, and we shall be dearly welcome to him whom we go to.

Christ's honey-combs drop so abundantly, that they sweeten my gall.

Would ye have more than the Son of God? and ye have him already; and ye shall be fed by the carver of the meat, be that who he will; and those that are hungry look more to the meat than to the carver.

God never thought this world a portion worthy of you; he would not even you to a gift of dirt and clay; nay, he will not give you Esau's portion; but reserve the inheritance of Jacob for you.

We buy our own sorrow, and we pay dear for it, when we spend our love, our joy, our desires, our confidence, upon a handful of sun and ice, which time shall melt away to nothing, and go thirsty out of a drunken inn, when all is done. Alas, that we enquire not for the clear fountain! but are so foolish as to drink foul, muddy waters, even until our bed-time.

Oh, what I want! I want so many things I am almost asking if I have anything at all. Every man thinketh he is rich enough in grace till he take out his purse, and tell his money, and then he findeth his pack but poor and light in the day of a heavy trial. I found that I had not enough to bear my expenses, and I should have fainted, if want and penury had not chased me to the Storehouse of all.

I know not what to do with Christ; his love surroundeth and surchargeth me. I am burdened with it, but oh, how sweet and lovely is that burden! I cannot keep it within me: I am so in love with his love, that if his love were not in heaven, I should be unwilling to go thither. Oh, what weighing and telling is in Christ's love.

A misty dew will stand for rain and do some good, and keep some greenness in the herbs, till our Lord's clouds rise upon the earth, and send down a watering of rain. Truly, I think Christ's

misty dew a welcome message from heaven, till my Lord's rain fall.

The cooling well-spring, and refreshment from the promises, are more than the frownings of the furnace. . . . hold a distance from carnal compositions; and much nearness to the Fountain, to the favor and refreshing light from the Father of Lights speaking in his oracles: this is sound health and salvation.

Why none cometh dry from David's well. Let us go among the rest, and cast down our toom [empty] buckets into Christ's ocean.

But suppose my wishes were poor, he is not poor; Christ, all the season of the year is dropping sweetness. If I had vessels I might fill them, but my old, riven, and running-out dish, even when I am at the well, can bring little away. Nothing but glory will make tight and fast our leaking and rifty vessels. How little of the sea can a child carry in his hand! As little

I dow [am able] to take away of my great sea, my boundless and running-over Christ Jesus.

All our songs should be of his free grace. We are but too lazy and careless in seeking of it; it is all our riches we have here, and glory in the bud. I wish that I could set out free grace. I was the Law's man, and under the law, and under a curse; but grace brought me from under that hard load, and I rejoice that I am grace's freeholder. I pay tribute to none for heaven, seeing my land and heritage holdeth of Christ, my new King

---

My Lord now hath given me experience, (howbeit weak and small) that our best fare here is hunger. We are but at God's by-board in this lower house, we have cause to long for supper time, and the high table, up in the high palace; this world deserveth nothing, but the outer court of our soul. Lord, hasten the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

Take with you in your journey what ye may carry with you—your conscience, faith, hope, patience, meekness, goodness, brotherly kindness, for such wares as these are of great price in the high and new Country whither ye go. As for other things, which are but the world's vanity and trash, since they are but the house-sweepings, ye will do best not to carry them with you. Ye found them here, leave them here, and let them keep the house.

God send a joyful meeting; and in the meantime the traveler's charges for the way, I mean a burden of Christ's love to sweeten the journey and to encourage a breathless runner; for when I lose breath climbing up the mountain, he maketh new breath.

Christ once condemned sin in the flesh, and we are to condemn it over again. And if there had not been such a thing as the grace of Jesus, I should long since have given up with heaven and with the expectation to see God. But grace,

grace, free-grace, the merits of Christ for nothing, white and fair, and large Saviour-mercy (which is another sort of thing than creature-mercy, or law-mercy, yea, a thousand degrees above angel-mercy) have been and must be the rock that we drowned souls must swim to. New washing, renewed application of purchased redemption, by that sacred blood that sealeth the free covenant, is a thing of daily and hourly use to a poor sinner.

And thus I know it shall not stand upon my want of money; for Christ upon his own charges must buy my wedding garment, and redeem the inheritance which I have forfeited, and give his words for one the like of me, who am not law-biding of myself. Poor folks must either borrow or beg from the rich; and the only thing that commendeth sinners to Christ is extreme necessity and want. Christ's love is ready to make and provide ransom-money for a poor body who hath lost his purse: "Ho, ye that have no money, come, and buy," (Isaiah lv. 1)—that is the poor man's market.

I thought the guiding of grace had been no art; I thought it would come of will; but I would spoil my own heaven yet, if I had not burdened Christ with all. I but lend my bare name to the sweet covenant; Christ, behind and before, and on either side, maketh all sure.

PILGRIM PERSEVERANCE.

Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but *this* one thing *I do*, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before.

I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.—Philippians iii. 13, 14.

Believe me that I find it hard wrestling to play fair with Christ, and to keep good quarters with him, and to love him in integrity and life, and to keep a constant course of sound and solid daily communion with Christ: temptations are daily breaking the thread of that course, and it is not easy to cast a knot again, and many knots make evil work. Oh, how fairly have many ships been plying before the wind, that in an

hour's space have been lying at the sea-bottom! How many professors cast a golden lustre, as if they were pure gold, and yet are, under that skin and cover, base and reprobate metal! And how many keep breath in their race many miles, and yet come short of the prize and the garland!

For worldly things, seeing they are meadows and fair flowers in your way to heaven, a smell in the by-going is sufficient. He that would reckon and tell all the stones in his way in a journey of three or four hundred miles, and write up in his count-book all the herbs and flowers growing in his way, might come short of his journey. Ye cannot stay, in your inch of time, to lose your day (seeing that ye are in haste; and the night and afternoon will not bide you), in setting your heart on this vain world.

I exhort you in the Lord, to go on in your journey to heaven; and to be content with such fare by the way as Christ and his followers have had before you; for they had always the wind on

their faces: and our Lord hath not changed the way to us for our ease, but will have us following our Sweet Guide. Alas, how doth sin clog us in our journey and retard us!

Set forward up the mountain to meet with God; climb up, for your Saviour calleth on you.

"To the overcomer I will give to sit with me on my throne, as I overcame and am set down with my Father on his throne." Consider, if ye are not high up now, and far ben [admitted to great familiarity] in the palace of our Lord, when ye are upon a throne, in white raiment, at lovely Christ's elbow. Oh, thrice fools are we, who, like new-born princes weeping in the cradle, know not that there is a kingdom before them! Then let our Lord's sweet hand square us, and hammer us, and strike off the knots of pride, self-love, and world-worship, and infidelity, that he may make us stones and pillars in his Father's house.

PILGRIM HOPES.

Which *hope* we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil.—Hebrew vi. 19.

Surely it cannot be long till day. Nay, hear him say, "Behold, I come, my dear Bride; think not long, I shall be at you at once; I hear you and am coming." Amen! Even so, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; for the prisoners of hope are looking out of the prison windows, to see if they can behold the King's ambassadors coming with the King's warrant, and the keys.

Ye will whisper it over betwixt yourselves, and agree again; for the anchor-tow abideth fast within the veil; the end of it is in Christ's ten fingers—who dare pull if he hold? "I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying, Fear not; I will help thee. Fear not, Jacob, (Isa. xli: 13, 14.) The seasick passengers will come to land—Christ will be the first that will meet you on the shore.

I cannot think but that at the first sight I shall see of that most lovely and fairest face, love will come out of his two eyes, and fill me with astonishment. A borrowed vision in this life would be my borrowed and begun heaven till the long-looked-for day dawn. It is not for nothing it is said, (Col. i. 27,) "Christ in you the hope of glory!" I will be content of no pawn of heaven but Christ himself; for Christ possessed by faith here, is young heaven and glory in the bud.

A land that has more than four summers in in the year! What a singing life is there! There is not a dumb bird in all that large field, but all sing and breathe out heaven, joy, glory, dominion, to the High Prince of that new-found land! And verily the land is sweeter that he is the glory of that land.

Ye have lost a child—nay, she is not lost to you, who is found to Christ; she is not sent away, but only sent before; like unto a star, which, going out of our sight, doth not die and

vanish, but shineth in another hemisphere; ye see her not, yet she doth shine in another country. If her glass was but a short hour, what she wanteth of time, that she hath gotten of eternity; and ye have to rejoice that ye have now some plenishing up in heaven. Build your nest upon no tree here; for ye see that God hath sold the forest to death; and every tree whereupon we would rest, is ready to be cut down, to the end that we might flee, and mount up, and build upon the Rock, and dwell in the holes of the Rock.

But I cannot tell you what is to come; yet I may speak as doth our Lord of it. The foundation of the city is pure gold, clear as crystal; the twelve parts are set with precious stones: if orchards and rivers commend a soil upon earth, there is a paradise there wherein groweth the Tree of Life that beareth twelve manner of fruits every month, which is seven score and four harvests in the year; and there is there a pure river of water of life proceeding out of the throne of

God and the Lamb; and the city hath no need of the light of the sun, or moon, or of a candle; for the Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb, are the light thereof. Jesus is saying in the gospel, "Come and see;" and he is come down in the chariot of truth, wherein he rideth through the world to conquer men's souls (Psalms xlv. 4), and is now in the world, saying "Who will go with me? Will ye go? My Father will make you welcome, and give you house-room; for in my Father's house are many dwelling places." Madam, consent to go with him.

Go up beforehand and see your lodging. Look through all your Father's rooms in heaven; in your Father's house are many dwelling-places—men take a view of lands ere they buy them. I know that Christ hath made the bargain already; but be kind to the house ye are going to, and see it often. Set your heart on things above, where Christ is at the right hand of God.

I know that ye are minding your sweet country,

and not taking your inn (the place of your banishment) for your house. This life is not worthy to be the thatch or outer wall of the paradise of your Lord Jesus, that he did sweat for to you, and that he keepeth for you. Short and silly, and sand-blind were our hope, if it could not look over the water to our best heritage, and if it stayed only at home, about the doors of our clay house.

He must go and come, because his infinite wisdom thinketh it best for you. We shall be together one day. We shall not need to borrow light from sun, moon, or candle. There shall be no complaints on either side in heaven; there shall be none there but he and we, the Bridegroom and the Bride; devils, temptations, trials, desertions, losses, sad hearts, pain and death, shall all be put out of play; and the devil must give up his office of tempting. Oh, blessed is the soul whose hope hath a face looking straight out to that day! It is not our part to make a treasure here; anything under the covering of heaven

which we can build upon, is but ill ground and a sandy foundation.

Our hope is not hung upon such an untwisted thread, as "I imagine so," or "It is likely;" but the cable, the strong towe of our fastened anchor, is the oath and promise of him who is eternal verity; our salvation is fastened with God's own hand and with Christ's own strength, to the strong stoup [post] of God's unchangeable nature (Malachi iii. 6).

PILGRIM WAGES.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great *is* your reward in heaven.—Matthew v. 12.

One year's time of heaven shall swallow up all sorrows, even beyond all comparison. What then will not a duration of blessedness so long as God shall live, fully and abundantly recompense?

His gold is better than yours, and his hundred-

fold is the income and rent of heaven, and far above your revenues: ye are not the first who have casten up your accounts that way. Better have Christ your factor than any other, for he tradeth to the advantage of his poor servants. But if the hundred-fold in this life be so well told—as Christ cannot pay you with miscounting or deferred hope—oh, what must the rent of that Land be!

Keep that which ye have, ye will get more in heaven.

I would not have believed that there is so much in Christ as there is. "Come and see," maketh Christ to be known in his excellency and glory. I wish all this nation knew how sweet his breath is. It is little to see Christ in a book, as men do the world in a card [chart]; they talk of Christ, by the book and tongue, and no more; but to come nigh Christ, and embrace him, is another thing.

I know that his comforts are no dreams; he

would not put his seal on blank paper, nor deceive his afflicted ones that trust in him.

Nay, since I came to Aberdeen, I have been taken up to see the New Land, the fair palace of the Lamb; and will Christ let me see heaven to break my heart, and never give it to me: I shall not think that my Lord Jesus giveth a dumb earnest.

It is the infinite God-head that must allay the sharpness of your hunger after happiness; otherwise there shall be a want of satisfaction to your desires; and if he would cast in ten worlds with your desires, all shall fall through, and your soul will still cry—"Red hunger, black hunger"—but I am sure there is sufficient for you in Christ, if ye had seven souls and seven desires in you.

If God has given you the earnest of the Spirit, as part payment of God's principal sum, ye have to rejoice; for our Lord will not lose his earnest,

neither will he go back nor repent him of the bargain. If ye find sometime a longing to see God, joy in the assurance of that sight, howbeit that feast be but like the Passover, that cometh about only once a year. Peace of conscience, liberty of prayer, the doors of God's treasure casten up to the soul, and a clear sight of himself looking out, and saying, with a smiling countenance, "Welcome to me, afflicted soul," this is the earnest that he giveth sometimes, and which maketh glad the heart, and is an evidence that the bargain will hold.

I am believed to be something, and I am nothing but an empty reed: wants are my best riches, because I have these supplied by Christ.

I could not wish a sweeter life, or more satisfying expressions of kindness, till I be up at the Prince of Kindness, than the Lord's saints find, when the Lord taketh up men's refuse, and lodgeth this world's outlaws, whom no man seeketh

after. His breath is never so hot, his love casteth never such a flame, as when this world, and those who should be the helpers of our joy, cast water on our coal. It is a sweet thing to see them cast out, and God take in; and to see them thrown away, as the refuse of men, and God take us up as his jewels and his treasure. Often he maketh gold as dross, as once he made the castaway Stone, the Stone rejected by the builders, the Head of the corner. The princes of this world would not have our Lord Jesus as a pinning in the wall, or to have any place in the building; but the Lord made him the Master-stone of power and place.

I dare avouch to all that know God, that the saints know not the length and largeness of the sweet earnest, and of the sweet green sheaves before the harvest, that might be had on this side of the water, if we would take more pains; and that we all go to heaven with less earnest, and lighter purses of the hoped-for sum, than otherwise we might do, if we took more pains to win

further in upon Christ, in this pilgrimage of our absence from him.

Half a draught, or a drop of the wine of consolation, that is up at our banqueting house, out of Christ's own hand, would make our stomachs loathe the brown bread and the sour drink of a miserable life. Oh, how far are we bereaved of wit, to chase, and hunt, and run, till our souls be out of breath, after a condemned happiness of our own making.

Remember when the race is ended, and the play either won or lost, and ye are in the utmost circle and border of time, and shall put your foot within the march of eternity, and all your good things of this short night-dream shall seem to you like the ashes of a bleeze of thorns or straw, and your poor soul shall be crying, "Lodging, lodging for God's sake!" then shall your soul be more glad at one of your Lord's lovely and homely smiles, than if you had the charter of three worlds for all eternity.

I perceive we frist [postpone] all our joys to Christ, till he and we be in our own house above, as married parties—thinking that there is nothing of it here to be sought or found, but only hope and fair promises; and that Christ will give us nothing here but tears, sadnesses, and crosses; and that we shall never feel the smell of the flowers of that high garden of paradise above till we come there. Nay, but I find that it is possible to find young glory, and a young, green paradise of joy, even here.

Is it not great art and incomparable wisdom in my Lord, who can bring forth such fair apples out of the crabbed tree of the cross? Nay, my Father's never-enough admired providence can make a fair feast out of a black devil. Nothing can come wrong to my Lord in his sweet working.

Necessity must not blush to beg.

Blessed be my rich Lord Jesus, who sendeth

not away beggars from his house with a toom [empty] dish. He filleth the vessels of such as will come and seek. We might beg ourselves rich (if we were wise) if we could hold out our withered hands to Christ, and learn to suit and seek, ask and knock.

PILGRIM'S VALUE.

I will make a man more precious than fine gold: even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir.—Isaiah xiii. 12.

Gold may be gold and bear the king's stamp upon it, when it is trampled upon by men.

God be thanked, that this world has not power to cry us down so many pounds, as rulers cry down light gold or light silver; we shall stand for as much as our Master-coiner, Christ, whose coin, arms, and stamp we bear, will have us—Christ hath no miscarrying balance.

We forget that as our gifts and light grow, so

God's gain, and the interests of his talents should grow also.

PILGRIM END.

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me *to* glory.—Psalm lxxiii. 24.

If our dear Lord pluck up one of his roses, and pull down sour and green fruit before the harvest, who can challenge him? for he sendeth us to his world, as men to a market, wherein some stay many hours, and eat and drink, and buy and sell, and pass through the fair till they be weary; and such are these who live long, and get a hearty fill of this life; and others again come slipping in to the morning market, and do neither sit nor stand, nor buy nor sell, but look about them a little, and pass presently home again; and these are infants and young ones, who end their short market in the morning, and get but a short view of the fair. Our Lord, who hath numbered man's months and set him bounds that he cannot pass, hath written the length of our

market; and it is easier to complain of the decree than to change it.

Write up your depursements [disbursements] for your Master, Christ, and keep count of what ye give out, whether name, credit, goods, or life, and suspend your reckoning till nigh the evening; and remember that a poor weak servant of Christ wrote it to you, that ye shall have Christ, a King, caution [surety] for your incomes and and all your losses. Reckon not from the forenoon. Take the word of God for your warrant, and for Christ's act of cautionry [suretyship] howbeit, body, life, and goods go for Christ your Lord, and though ye should lose the head for him; yet there shall not one hair of your head perish; in patience therefore possess your soul.

Violent death is a sharer with Christ in his death, which was violent. It maketh not much what way we go tó heaven; the happy home is all, where the roughness of the way shall be forgotten. He is gone home to a Friend's house, and

made welcome; and the race is ended; time is recompensed with eternity, and copper with gold. God's order is in wisdom. The husband goeth home before the wife; and the throng of the market shall be over ere it be long, and another generation where we now are; and at length an empty house, and not one of mankind, shall be upon the earth; within the sixth part of an hour after, the earth and the works that are therein shall be burnt up with fire.

"Such a one I must have, and such a soul I cannot live in heaven without," And believe it, it is incomprehensible love that Christ saith, "If I enjoy the glory of my Father, and the crown of heaven far above men and angels, I must use all means, though ever so violent, to have the company of such a one forever and ever."

As some corn is not lost, for there is more hope of that which is sown than of that which is eaten, (1 Cor. xv. 42,) so also is it in the Resurrection

of the dead; "the body is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory." I hope that ye wait for the crop and the harvest, "for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

Death is but an awsome step over time and sin to sweet Jesus Christ, who knew and felt the worst of death; for death's teeth hurt him. We know death hath no teeth now, no jaws, for they are broken. It is a free prison, citizens pay nothing for the grave; the jailor who had the power of death, is destroyed: praise and glory be to the First-begotten from the dead.

If death, which is before you and us all, were any other thing than a friendly dissolution and a change, not a destruction of life, it would seem a hard voyage to go through such a sad and dark trance [passage], so thorny a valley is the wages of sin. But I am confident, the way ye know,

though your foot never trod in that black shadow. The loss of life is gain to you. If Christ Jesus be the Period, the End, and Lodging-home, at the end of your journey, there is no fear, ye go to a Friend. And since ye have had a communion with him in this life, and he hath a pawn or pledge of yours, even the largest share of your love and heart, ye may look death in the face with joy. If the heart be in heaven, the remnant of you cannot be kept the prisoner of the Second Death. But though he be the same Christ in the other life that ye found him to be here, yet he is so far in his excellency, beauty, sweetness, irradiations, and beams of majesty, above what he appeared here, when he is seen what he is, that ye shall misken him, and he shall appear a new Christ.

Ye would no doubt bestow a day's journey, yea, many days' journey, on earth to go up to heaven, and fetch down anything of Christ; how much more may ye be willing to make a journey to go in person to heaven (it is not lost time, but

gained eternity), to enjoy the full God-head? And then, in such a manner as he is there, not in his weekdays' apparel, as he is here with us in a drop or tenth-part of a night's dewing of grace and sweetness; but he is there in his marriage-robe of glory, richer, more costly, more precious, in one hem or button of that garment of Fountain-majesty than a million of worlds. Oh, the well is deep! Ye shall then think that preachers and sinful ambassadors on earth, did but spill [spoil] and mar his praises, when they spoke of him, and preached his beauty.

RUTHERFORD'S HYMN.

Glory Dwelleth in Immanuel's Land.

(*Composed almost entirely of Rutherford's words.*)

THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes!
Dark, dark, hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Oh! well it is forever,
Oh! well forevermore,
My nest hung in no forest
Of all this death-doomed shore;
Yea, let the vain world vanish,
As from the ship the strand,
While glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

There the Red Rose of Sharon
Unfolds its heartsome bloom,
And fills the air of heaven
With ravishing perfume;
Oh! to behold its blossom,
While by its fragrance fanned,
While glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

The King there, in his beauty,
Without a veil is seen:
It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between.
The Lamb, with his fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Oh! Christ he is the Fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

E'en Anwoth was not heaven—
E'en preaching was not Christ,
And in my sea-beat prison
My Lord and I held tryst:
And aye, my murkiest storm-cloud
Was by a rainbow spanned,
Caught from the glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land.

But that he built a heaven
Of his surpassing love,
A little New Jerusalem,
Like to the one above.
"Lord, take me o'er the water,"
Had been my loud demand;
"Take me to Love's own country,
Unto Immanuel's land.

But flowers need night's cool darkness,
The moonlight, and the dew;
So Christ, from one who loved it,
His shining oft withdrew;
And then for cause of absence,
My troubled soul I scanned—
But glory, shadeless shineth
In Immanuel's land.

The little birds at Anwoth,
I used to count them blest—
Now beside happier altars,
I go to build my nest;
O'er these there broods no silence,
No graves around them stand;
For glory, deathless, dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Fair Anwoth by the Solway,
To me thou still art dear!
E'en from the verge of heaven,
I drop for thee a tear.
Oh! if one soul from Anwoth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens,
In Immanuel's land.

I've wrestled on toward heaven,
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide;
Now, like a weary traveler,
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sink life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
  The hedge of thorns was sharp;
Now, these all lie behind me—
  Oh! for a well-tuned harp!
Oh! to join hallelujah
  With yon triumphant band,
Who sing where glory dwelleth,
  In Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment,
  My web of time he wove,
And aye, the dews of sorrow
  Were lustred with his love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
  I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
  In Immanuel's land.

Soon shall the cup of glory
  Wash down earth's bitterest woes,
Soon shall the desert's brier
  Break into Eden's rose;
The curse shall change to blessing,
  The name on earth that's banned,
Be graven on the white stone
  In Immanuel's land.

Oh! I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved is mine!
He brings a poor, vile sinner
Into his "house of wine!"
I stand upon his merit,
I know no safer stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

I shall sleep sound in Jesus,
Filled with his likeness rise,
To live and to adore him,
To see him with these eyes:
'Tween me and resurrection,
But Paradise doth stand,
Then, then for glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garments,
But her dear bridegroom's face:
I will not gaze at glory.
But on my King of Grace—
Not on the crown he giveth,
But on his pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

I have borne scorn and hatred,
I have borne wrong and shame,
Earth's proud ones have reproached me
For Christ's thrice blessed name;
Where God's seal set the fairest,
They've stamped their foulest brand,
But judgment shines like noonday
In Immanuel's land.

They've summoned me before them,
But there I may not come,
My Lord says, "Come up hither,"
My Lord says, "Welcome home."
My King at his white throne
My presence doth command,
Where glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

THE END.

Date Due

GTU LIBRARY
3 2400 00570 9757
GTU Library
2400 Ridge Road
Berkeley, CA 94709
For renewals call (510) 649-2500
All items are subject to recall.